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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1804.

The Unfortunate Lovers:

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

PHILIP the Second, King of Spain, espoused Elisabeth of France, who was intended to have been the consort of his son, Don Carlos. Among the maids of honour appointed to attend the young Queen, were two ladies, remarkable for their beauty, but of very opposite dispositions. One of these ladies was Ines de Cordove, who was in great favour with the Queen, and the other, Leonora de Silva.

The Queen, who constantly retired to her private apartments, after dinner, took with her some of her women, either to converse with, or to read to her. The King, who was not of a very sociable disposition, seldom made one of the Queen's party: But Don Carlos, who secretly sighed for the Queen, whose amiable disposition and virtues he had been early taught to admire, omitted no opportunity to accompany her on these occasions, and one day, as he was following her to her apartment, the marquis de Lerme, one of the most accomplished noblemen of the court, intreated the favour of Don Carlos, that he might also be permitted to be of the party. The prince, who was no stranger to the marquis's passion for the lovely Ines, granted his request, judging by his own sensations the inexpressible happiness it would be to the marquis to be near the object of his love. Leonora flattered herself that it was upon *her* account, that the marquis de Lerme was so desirous of being of the party; but she soon had the mortification to perceive the preference given to Ines, which so exasperated this haughty beauty, that from this moment, she breathed sentiments of revenge, and impatiently waited for an opportunity of wreaking her vengeance on the marquis, as well as on her hated rival. Unfortunately, an occasion soon offered, which put it in her power to exercise the malevolence of her disposition. The marquis de Lerme gave a fete champetre at his house, a few leagues distant from Madrid, to which most of the court were invited. Ines and Leonora were in one coach, escorted by the marquis de Lerme, and Don Lewis, the father of Ines, on horse-back. Fording a little river, the horses took fright, and turned out of the road they were to have passed, which so terrified Ines, that she jumped out of the coach into the water. The marquis flew like lightning to her assistance, and immediately conveyed her to a fisherman's hut, almost bereft of life. As soon as she was a little recovered, she had the satisfaction to find herself under the protection of her lover, who, upon every occasion, strove to convince her of the sincerity of his passion. Meanwhile, Don Lewis was as assiduous in assisting Leonora, with whom he was greatly captivated; which that artful woman no sooner perceived, than she began to entertain some hopes of having it in her power to separate the two lovers, whose total ruin now occupied all her thoughts.

A short time after, the marquis obtained Don Lewis's consent to espouse his daughter. Leonora was no sooner apprized of this, than she began to set every engine to work, to create a misunderstanding between Don Lewis and the marquis. The consequence was, that the former commanded his daughter never more to think of the marquis. The two lovers were almost distracted at being thus cruelly separated. They immediately imparted their distress to the queen, who, pitying their unhappy condition, promised to use her interest, in endeavouring to prevail upon Don Lewis to consent again to their union. Leonora, who was apprehensive that her scheme would be frustrated, took advantage of Don Lewis's passion for her, and made him promise to give Ines in marriage to her brother, the baron de Silva. Don Lewis was two much in love to reject this proposition, and told his daughter, that she was to consider the baron as her future husband. This was a blow which Ines little expected. With a heart overwhelmed with affliction, she threw herself at the queen's feet, beseeching her to save her from the misery of being married to a man whom she detested. The queen, who was deeply affected with her situation, got the marriage delayed for some months, which was all the favour that could be obtained of Don Lewis, and, during this interval, the marquis and baron determined to decide their claims by the sword. the consequence was, that both were obliged to quit the kingdom. Lerme went into Flanders, where he served a campaign under the duke d' Alva. On his return to Madrid, he found a most melancholy change had taken place.

The princess D'Eboli, one of the court ladies, was passionately in love with Don Carlos, and being unable to support his indifference towards her, began to hate him with equal violence, and by inventing the most wicked falsehoods made her husband equally inveterate against that unfortunate prince. They both conspired against his life, and their infernal plot succeeded; for the king was

inspired with jealousy against the queen and Don Carlos, and both of them fell victims to his unjust suspicions. * Lerme was appointed to carry this dreadfull news to France. All the maids of honour were dismissed, and Ines returned to her father's house, where she was treated as a disobedient child, and imprisoned in her chamber, without a single attendant, to whom she could unbosom her grief.

Don Lewis finding that it would be some time before the baron de Silva would return to Spain, and perceiving that Leonora was averse to his marrying her, before he had disposed of Ines, was determined to hasten his daughter's nuptials; for which purpose, he fixed upon the count de las Torres, a man far advanced in life, who had served a long time in the army, and was just returned to court, after an absence of ten years. He was well acquainted with Lerme, having served with him more than one campaign; but his long absence from Madrid rendered him entirely ignorant of his passion for Ines. The marquis de Lerme, who was in France when he heard the report of Ines's intended marriage, was in the utmost despair. He instantly left all the affairs with which he had been entrusted, in the hands of a person in whom he could confide, and without considering he was guilty of an action that was highly criminal, he listened only to the dictates of his unbounded passion for the lovely Ines. The extraordinary expedition he used in travelling, added to his anxiety of mind, threw him into a fever, which for some time retarded his journey; and the news of his having left France, without leave, highly offended the Spanish monarch, who was too severe to pardon a fault of such a nature, and therefore gave orders for his being arrested, the minute he arrived at Madrid. A process was then commenced against him, which was conducted with uncommon rigour. Among the number of his judges, were the count de las Torres, and Don Lewis de Cordove. Las Torres, who was totally ignorant that the marquis was his rival, seemed disposed to favour him; but Don Lewis, who acted as chief judge, and who secretly wished to destroy him, stretched the laws to the utmost of his power, and hoped nothing less would be his sentence, than death, or perpetual imprisonment. He then informed his daughter, that it was in her power to save the life of the marquis, provided she would immediately consent to marry the count de las Torres. It may easily be conceived that the unhappy Ines would not hesitate what part to act, when the fate of her lover depended on her compliance. A few days after, the nuptials were solemnized between Don Lewis and Leonora, and on the same day, those of Ines with the count de las Torres; while the unfortunate marquis was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment.

The countess de las Torres was now a prey to a secret and unceasing anguish, Elvira, a young girl of a most amiable disposition, who chiefly attended the countess, could not behold her melancholy situation, without feeling deeply for her woes, and mingling her tears with those of her unhappy mistress. The countess found no other consolation but in the affectionate attachment of this favourite servant, and would often converse with her, on the subject of her unfortunate passion, yet blushed at the thought of indulging herself in sentiments so opposite to duty and honour, while her soul was still remote from the least intention of guilt.

The marquis de Lerme was totally ignorant of the destiny of Ines. He was not suffered to see any one but the person who guarded him, who had the strictest injunction not to let him have pen, ink, or paper. Elvira, who sought every occasion to console her unhappy mistress, at length found a favourable opportunity. It became the duty of her brother, who was an officer, to guard the castle in which the marquis was confined, during the absence of the governor. She therefore strongly urged her mistress to embrace so favourable an occasion to alleviate the marquis's sufferings, by writing a letter to him, which she would engage her brother to deliver.

The countess, whose virtue and delicacy were equal to her love, for some time hesitated to comply with Elvira's request. But, reflecting that the misfortunes in which Lerme had been involved were upon her account, she thought it would be unjust to delay a moment so favourable an occasion of writing to him, as it was the only consolation that was in her power to afford him. How to begin, or what to say, was no small embarrassment. To tell him that she still loved him, and how much she suffered upon his account, was no difficult task; but at the same time to inform him, that she had bestowed her person upon another, seemed as repugnant to her virtue as to delicacy. Dreading the consequenees of his being informed of her marriage, she rather wished it possible to see him, if an interview, under the present favourable opening, could be obtained. Elvira strongly recommended this, assuring the countess, that she had engaged her brother not only to secrecy, but to his most friendly officers. Yet still the thoughts of discovering her marriage affected her beyond expression. 'That day,' said she, 'will be the last of his love for me, and I am now going to deprive him of the only consolation he has left, that of being his, if he should ever obtain his liberty. She however, sent Elvira with a letter to prepare him for her reception, charging her not to mention a word of her being married, chusing that he should be informed of that fatal stroke from her own mouth. While the countess was preparing for this trying interview with the marquis, there happened an unexpected change in his fortune. The prince Don Juan, who had a sincere regard for the marquis de Lerme, was silent, till the king's wrath began to subside, and then took an opportunity, when the king was in good humour, of mentioning the affairs which Lerme was to have negociated in France. He artfully introduced the marquis's unfortunate passion for Ines, to which, not to want of duty, he imputed all his errors. His arguments had the desired effect. The king was appeased, and immediately ordered the marquis to be released from his confinement. This grace the marquis received almost at the same instant that Elvira arrived at the castle with the countess's letter. The transports of joy, which Lerme felt at so much unexpected good fortune, cannot be easily conceived. The first questions he put to Elvira were to enquire after his beloved Ines, whether she was married, and whether she still loved him? Elvira was silent with respect to her mistress's marriage, but assured him, that he had great reason to rest satisfied as to her affection for him. Seeing the marquis was now at liberty, Elvira thought it would not be proper for her mistress to go to the castle, and therefore proposed to conduct him to an apartment (a little distance from where the countess lived) belonging to a merchant, who was then absent. But before they set out from the castle, Lerme received

* Many authors suppose, that the premature death of the queen and of Don Carlos, which happened soon after, was the consequence of this fatal jealousy.

another massage from the prince, who acquainted him, that he proposed that day to conduct him to the king, and desired him to repair to the palace as soon as possible, to acknowledge the king's clemency, and to receive his pardon at the foot of the throne. However desirous the marquis might be of obtaining the king's favour, he was much more impatient to see his beloved mistress. He therefore instantly followed Elvira, who soon conducted him to the merchant's house, and ran to inform the countess of all that had passed. The countess now perceived that she wanted resolution. A thousand different passions agitated her soul. The step, which she was going to take, now seemed to her inconsistent with either virtue or prudence. The disgrace, on one side, if she should be discovered, and the misfortunes, on the other, in which it might again involve her lover, were equally alarming. In short, such reflections as naturally arose in such a critical situation, produced the the most violent conflicts between virtue and passion. At this instant, the count, her husband, came in, and informed her, that he was just going to the Escurial, and that he should not return till the next morning. *(to be continued)*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. V.

——— Sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas. *Horace.*

TO bear the misfortunes of life with fortitude is called the part of a hero; and he who is reduced from affluence and plenty to poverty, and still retains tranquillity of mind, certainly deserves that appellation. Fortitude seems to be a characteristic of the French nation, of whom it may truly be said, that they bear misfortune (generally speaking) with more resignation, and even indifference, than any other people; in the same degree that they are more polite. Numberless instances might be brought to prove the truth of this assertion. Witness the revolution, when almost every man of fortune had to fly from their estates and country, without the necessaries of life. They came to America, without money or friends. Those who were acquainted with the politer arts taught, some drawing, some music or dancing to obtain subsistence, and those who were not competent to teach any of these, sought it in some mechanical employment.

A gentleman, who was reputed to possess a large estate in France, was reduced to the necessity of teaching dancing, with which he was fortunately well acquainted; a knight of the order of Louis was engaged in the humble employment of making candle boxes. All whom I ever saw, bore their misfortunes with the greatest equanimity, they were as cheerful and happy as though their situations had never been more eligable. They knew

——— That patience must endure
And sooth the woes it cannot cure. *Horace.*

Should we place an Englishman in the same situation, his conduct would, I believe, be very different. He could not follow either of these occupations, he is either incompetent, or would consider them beneath him; or even should he obtain means of living, yet the remembrance of his former better situation, would continually occur to him, and he would inevitably soon sink under his misfortunes. Though the English nation has perhaps produced more philosophers and treatises on philosophy, though it has produced far more men who, in theory have taught their countrymen how to bear misfortunes, yet I fancy we shall find the French far more expert in the practice. "The life of man (says STERNE) is to shift from side to side, from sorrow, to button up one cause of vexation, and unbutton another."—This it seems to me a Frenchman will do with a far better grace, than any other person; he struggles with misfortune, in a manner peculiar to himself, and that truly like a philosopher.

In the winter of 1800, an American vessel coming on our coast was assailed by a violent tempest, which, in spite of every exertion, was fast driving her on the shoals of Cape Hatteras, where inevitable distruction must have ensued. In addition to the horrors of the gale, it began snowing with the greatest violence, and was so hazy that nothing could be seen the length of the vessel. The violence of the wind prevented them from carrying any sail, which might have enabled them to stand out to sea. The captain, from knowing where they then were, had calculated that the ship must strike in the course of two hours, and with the seamen ("abandoning the ship to the mercy of the sea,") retired into the cabin, where, with a number of passengers, they waited that death in despair, of which there seemed no possibility of escaping. Among the passengers was a Frenchman, who, on learning their desperate situation, immediately (without saying a word) retired into his birth, and wrapping himself up in his blanket, laid in silence. The rest of them were, some crying, some praying, and all in the greatest agony of mind. The idea of death is not (to most people) at any time a very agreeable one, but in such a situation it is doubly distressing. Our Frenchman however, seemed determined to make the best of it, and laid very quietly, without paying any attention to what was passing!

It was now within half an hour of the period when they expected to strike, when the mate, who had gone on deck, came down in transport, crying out that they were safe, as the wind had shifted a few points; and that instead of drifting on the shoals, they should drift past them. The Frenchman, on hearing that the danger was over, got out of his birth and with the greatest *sang froid*, remarked that he was glad to hear they were not to go to the bottom this time! on one of the passengers remarking the singularity of his behaviour; he replied (shrugging his shoulders) *mon Dieu!* what could I do? I could not by any exertion of mine have saved the vessel; I thought I might as well lay quiet and I should not have quit my birth till the vessel went to pieces!!

P.

JEANETTE

PRESENTS her compliments to PHILADELPHUS, and is sorry that in the cabinet of his invention there is no method to be found by which he may render himself useful to her; yet she hopes some clue may be suggested, which he will not fail to take advantage of in a future number.

PHILADELPHUS!

VIGILARIUS forbears to make any remarks on the last number of the SCRIBLER, as you decline a controversy; but, merely presents his compliments, and requests you to "refer" to the same for a full confirmation of what *he has said*, concerning women and matrimony; although *you have attempted* to contradict it;—and concludes, by congratulating you on your concurrence with him in opinion; at the same time tendering his most sincere thanks, for your ingenuous, and candid confession thereof. V.

"No one," says Aristotle, "can govern well, unless he has himself submitted to have been governed."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION,—II.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

YOU will, perhaps, condole with me, when informed of the unfortunate circumstance that attended the first trial made of the metamorphosing-power imparted to me by the stranger whom I described to you in my former communication.

Having a great inclination to observe the secret transactions of a certain philosopher and naturalist (whose learning and knowledge in place of confirming in the belief, had swayed to a denial, of the existence of a GOD) I determined to pay him the *first visit;* presuming I should be gratified with a sight of many curious objects. Nor was I disappointed; for his cabinet was stowed with almost every singularity of nature. But little time was allowed me to view this collection of curiosities. Thinking the surest way to avoid a discovery, would be, to assume the most simple form imaginable, I metamorphosed myself into a shape which seemed the likeliest to elude observation. Thus transformed, I entered the study of this sage, whose absence afforded me a few moments for contemplation. My astonishment was great at seeing a very large room filled with different kinds of uncommon birds and insects, besides rare minerals, fossils, &c. regularly disposed on shelves and tables. Behold, said I, deposited here a large share of the work of an omnipotent hand—view the smallest insect in this vast collection, and admire the creature, but forget not the Creator—what a lesson does it afford—how striking a proof of the existence of a Supreme Being, who created all things in perfection, gave to every animal the means of providing food for subsistence and defending itself against the attacks of its species !—Here my meditations were interrupted by the noise of footsteps,—I hastened to conceal myself by laying on a sort of metallic substance which was near me, but, as my evil genius would have it, this had just been presented to him for examining its properties, with which intention he came now into his cabinet. His apparatus being ready, he took up the mineral and began to inspect it. You may fancy to yourself the situation I was in at this moment*—hope and fear alternately reigned in my breast—however, he did not suffer me to remain long in such a condition. His penetrating eye soon discovered me: I was taken off the mineral with a pair of little tongs, laid on a glass-plate, and turned over and over, till at length he concluded I would be an addition to his number of insects: Whereupon he drew a pin from his sleeve, declared he would run it through, and fasten me to a board, for further inspection. Seeing now there was no time to lose, I changed immediately into a bee, flew off, leaving the philosopher cursing himself for suffering me to escape.

So happily terminated an event which had like to prove my destruction. Whether or not the recital will be gratifying you in any measure, I will not venture to say. But be that as it may, if only accepted as an apology for furnishing you with nothing better, I am content.

Yours, &c.

PROTEUS.

* It must be understood, that although deprived of my original form, I nevertheless possess all my natural faculties.

The Fortune Teller,

IN A LETTER TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

SIR,

I WAS lately upon a visit, while my own house was repairing, at a friend's in the City, who has a son and two very pretty daughters, all marriageable, but all unmarried. His wife is also a woman of elegance and beauty, though it is beauty in its farewell appearances. I had not been twenty minutes arrived at the house, before I found out that the whole family, from the master to the maid-servant were, according to the common but emphatic phrase, eaten up with *Superstition:* the good folks described by the Spectator are nothing to them. I came into the house at tea-time. "I wish we had done tea, (said the Mother of the family) that we might see what *Destiny* means to do with us now." "Yes, mamma, (replied one of her daughters) but if Susan tells me as bad news as she told me *last* night, I shall be ready to hang myself." "Nay, but, child, (said the Father) she must tell you *what she sees*, and she cannot make the leaves lie as she thinks proper; Fate, my dear, fate and fortune cannot be resisted." "Cannot they, Father? (rejoined the young Lady) Then Fate and Fortune are as cross as my grandmother, that's all I know about the matter."

As I observed the family wished to get things over as fast as possible, I was determined not to delay them on *my* part; and therefore poured my tea with a trembling hand into my saucer, gave it a whiff or two with my breath, and swallowed it off smoaking hot to shew my politeness: I carried this civility, indeed, as far as any visitor ever need to do; for I not only scalded my mouth and throat till they were both handsomely blistered, but I forebore to eat any bread and butter, lest I should get choaked for my complaisance, and I laid the spoon across my cup after the second dish, which I drank long before the sugar was dissolved.

This dispatch soon brought on the expected crisis, and the son rang the bell. The eyes of the family were darted impatiently around, and the big look of expectation sat upon evey feature. To confess the truth, I began to entertain some doubts as to the sanity of their intellectuals, and apprehended there might be an hereditary touch in the blood of the family. I was soon relieved, if it is any relief to see people play the fool, without having the apology of lunacy for it. *Up* came Mrs. Susan, who was at once a servant and a soothsayer. She really had a sort of fortune-telling face; a keen black eye that appeared to penetrate, a set of meditating muscles, a brow that projected, and a nose that, figuratively speaking, *looked forwards*: add to this, her complexion was olive as that of an Egyptian, and the lines of thinking, though perhaps she never thought at all, were to be seen near her eye-brows. This long-sighted lady, who could see so vastly well in *the dark*, came glowing with all the graces of the kitchen, and, wiping her face with a corner of an apron very unlikely to clean it, she advanced to the table. Aweful moment! Alarming preparation! She looked at the tea-pot, and desired every body to begin.

No sooner was this order given, than the family began to pour away and toss the tea-leaves, after which they turned down the cups, and left them to the discretion of the sorceress Susan. She opened the business of the afternoon with the fortunes of the master, that were depicted in hieroglyphics within the cup. After turning it round several times, and looking as if she really saw the events and circumstances developed, she began to shew off.

"Here is a little trouble, Sir, (said she) at the bottom of your cup, which is not cast so clear as I could wish There is a disappointment concerning the receipt of money."

"As sure as I am alive, (said Sir Credulous,) she means the cash I expect from the country—Heigho!—Well, go on, Susan, go on."

"There's a letter coming, Sir, to the house, and it will bring news of a death, and you will get a present by that death," says Mrs. Susan.

"Fifty to one (quoth Sir Credulous) but Sir Solomon, my uncle, is now upon his death-bed—I heard he was in a poor way last week, you know, Susan."

"I don't know for that, Sir (replies Susan); but there is a coffin in your cup as plain as a pike-staff; and here's a little vexation, but you'll get over it soon; and there is a marriage going to be in the family, and I can see the ring this minute—Look'e here, Sir."

"*I'fackins*, and so there is (said the Knight, looking at the cup).—This is my Betsy and Mr. Danvers, I'd lay my life on't. Well, Susan, now tell my wife's."

Susan proceeded to inspect a second cup, and soon acquainted her mistress that company was coming to the house, and that she would go a long journey.

"Only think of that (said Sir Credulous)—She means the rout you are to have on Christmas Eve, and your visit into Wales as soon as the spring rises.—Why, Susan, we shall burn you for a witch."

The Oracle now examined the remainder of the cups, in every one of which she saw something that *had* happened, or something that from her knowledge of the family-circumstances might possibly come to pass. Yet, when this sagacious person observed that there *would* be, any thing that she had heard from their own mouths *was* to be, they paid innumerable compliments to her sagacity; and, in the course of a little time, when their own premeditated schemes were put into execution, they would cry out, that every thing Susan foretells was sure to happen.

While these sacred employments were on foot I remained only a spectator, silently astonished; but when Susan departed I ventured to remark, that their servant seemed to be a knowing woman, and that it was plain she had dealings with more persons than were good.

"Heaven knows (said the old Lady, very gravely) who helps her, but she knows every thing; and, for my part, has told me such matters, not only of what *is to come*, but of what *has* been *long* and *long*, before she came into the family, that the very flesh has sometimes crept upon my bones, my hair has lifted itself by the force of amazement upon my head, and I have at such times looked at her, till I verily thought the devil himself was at her elbow."

All things were now quiet till after supper-time, when cards were proposed—not to play at any game with, but to *tell fortunes*, which, it seems, was constantly the custom of the family before they went to rest.

Susan, therefore made her second appearance, and spread the cards to her purpose. She began, as before, with Sir Credulous, and ended with the youngest daughter. More than two hours were misemployed in this mysterious manner, in the course of which time, all the cant and trick of those who trade in these petty impositions, were divertingly exhibited.

And yet the daily repetition of this palpable nonsense, so far from cloying, only whetted, and gave, as it were, a new edge to Sir Credulous and all his train. Among a thousand other absurd things that I forget, I *remember* what follows of Mrs. Susan's predictions, from the situations into which either accident or her contrivance had thrown the cards. She told Sir Credulous, that there was a great deal of sickness over his head, and that he would have words with a black man upon account of a black woman.—She informed Lady Credulous, that the very journey and company, which were before in the tea-leaves, were now upon the cards.—The eldest daughter was acquainted, that she would receive a letter, and with it a present; and that present would be the forerunner of a ring; and that ring would be put upon her finger by a fair man, with a very good heart, which he bore towards her.—She told the youngest daughter, not only what she *did* expect, but what she did *not* expect—what was coming to the house, and what was going from it.—She saw plainly in the cards that she (the young lady) was to be married; that she was to have two children, and then marry again: that there was a deal of trouble, but that she would get a great deal by a death; and there were two men and a woman, the one black, the other fair, at that moment talking about her; but that as there was a good heart for her, she would turn her back on all her troubles, and ride in her coach."

The girl's exultation at the circumstance of the *coach* is not to be described. and she went in high spirits into her bed-chamber; previous to which, however, there was a pleasant altercation amongst all parties in regard to their different prospects. The whole family were exceedingly disposed to quarrel with Destiny; and not being able to lay hands upon *that*, they drove her handmaid, Mrs. Susan, in a rage down stairs, who, by the bye, muttered as she descended, that she would be a match for them all when they next came under her hands; that is, being interpreted, she would unsay all she had said that was in any degree favourable, and make their future hopes as dark and dreadful as an enraged Oracle could possible paint them.

The next morning I was presented with another specimen of their superstitious propensities. It seems they were too much interested in the events of to-morrow to enjoy to-day, and I found that they were endeavouring to make out a favourite enigma of fortune, even after they were folded in the arms of sleep. No sooner, therefore, were they all assembled at breakfast, even before the tea was put into the pot, than the prognosticating Susan was again summoned.——

She attended—and to what purpose dost thou think, my good reader? Even to the task of interpreting dreams. Every individual of the family had dreamed a dream; and Mrs. Susan knew the meaning of dreams as well, and could expound the visions of the night with as much truth and accuracy, as she could foretell the events of providence from criticising tea-cups, and from the mystic arrangements of a pack of cards. One lady imagined in her dream that she was stuck in the mud, and the more she attempted to extricate, the deeper she was involved in the mire; on her right hand was a poor bird caught on a lime twig; on her left, a ship tossing in a tempest. The Interpretess observed, with great signs of gravity in her face, "that it was as bad a dream as ever was dreamed; that mud was misfortune, which would stick upon her heart; that her attempting to get away from it, and not being able, was a plain signification, that the more she strove the worse she would be. She remarked, that the limed bird was an image of her distress; as the bird struggled, so would she struggle, and that it would be as easy for one to get clear of

the lime, as for the other to get rid of the trouble. The ship (she said) denoted a poor creature in distress, buffeting the billows of affliction; and altogether it was such a dream, as might frighten any reasonable Christians out of their senses."

In this strain did our oracular priestess proceed to decypher the fates that had been sporting in the visions of others; and by the time she had ended her explanations, the whole family were made thereby as gloomy and desolate, as if they were actually labouring in all the agonies that were predicted; although the jade of a fortune-teller fairly confessed, within an hour afterwards, that she made things out as bad as she could, for their ill-usage of her the night before.

What, my good friend, shall we say to these gross and egregious absurdities? Shall we pity, or shall we despise? When people can so far lose their rational faculties as to shut their eyes against conviction, and imagine the ways of Providence and of the Almighty are displayed in such insignificant things as painted pasteboard, the fumes of indigestion, and the leaves of a tree tossed about a cup, what idea can they entertain of the Deity—of a Deity who is so negligent as to lay open his secrets, and suffer them to be seen in 'trifles, light as air?'—Yet, when these trifles are made 'Confirmations strong as proofs of *Holy Writ*,' it is impossible to help being sincerely affected at the folly and infirmity of mankind.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

M.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. V.

"———— Honours best thrive
"When rather from our acts we them derive,
"Than our forefathers."

TRUE *honour* is the offspring of real merit—hereditary eminence is as a picture drawn from description, which may, or may not (as fancy shall dictate to the artist) resemble the original.

Boasting of our ancestors to enhance our own reputation must, to every wise man, argue a deficiency in ourselves of those qualifications which raised them in the estimation of the age in which they lived.—Dross is certainly not so valuable as the precious metal from which it is separated, yet, equally consistent would it be, so to esteem it, as to suppose the descendant of a man distinguished for virtuous principles and an upright conduct, is possessed of the same merit, and entitled to the same veneration notwithstanding his actions daily evince his forfeiture of the smallest claim to the stock of such an ancestor.

A father may acquire honour by his pious adherence to those sacred rules which are the bonds of society;—his son, though educated in the school of virtue cannot be always under the guardian influence of a parent;—at his entrance into the busy world, he is immediately charmed with the idea of liberation from paternal authority—he imbibes bad principles and evil habits, which are inhaled in the atmosphere of vice, and prove destructive to those seeds of virtue which his tender parent was hopeful would grow to maturity; he becomes an abandoned profligate; yet, though destitute of personal merit, he is respected on the score of his father's virtues:—Some will say, 'this is indirectly reverencing the father,' yet, it is encouraging vice, which is inconsistent with that line of conduct by which the father has a right to veneration. On the contrary, should his claim for respect be compared with that of his father's, it will evidently appear that he is as much deserving of contempt as his father was worthy of esteem. And should contempt in such a case invalidate his pretensions to respect, reflection might, perhaps, dictate to him that repentance was the only means, by which to regain that credit he has lost in the pursuit of vicious courses.

Nothing human being perfect, the intrinsic merit of man should be estimated by his own actions; and, respect being the reward of merit, this reward, properly bestowed, will produce emulation; but if degraded by improper application, a carelessness productive of unpleasant consequences to society, will become predominant, so rapid is the growth of vice.—Vice raised to eminence by false respect, will receive adulation from the tongue, but contempt from the heart, whilst virtue, in whatever situation, *may* suffer detraction from the tongue of scandal, yet the heart will give the lie to its malicious aspersions.

SERENUS.

Hope is a kind cheat; in the minute of our disappointment we are angry, but upon the whole matter, there is no pleasure without it.

Arabian Anecdotes.

Integrity.] THE Caliph, Mottawakkell, had a physician belonging to him, who was a christian, named Honain. One day, after some other incidental conversation, 'I would have thee,' says the Caliph, 'teach me a prescription, by which I may take off any enemy I please, and yet at the same time it should never be discovered.' Honain, declining to give an answer, and pleading ignorance, was imprisoned.

Being brought again, after a year's interval, into the Caliph's presence, and still persisting in his ignorance, though threatened with death, the Caliph smiled upon him and said, 'Be of good cheer, we were only willing to try thee, that we might have the greater confidence in thee.'

As Honain upon this bowed down and kissed the earth, 'what hindered thee,' says the Caliph, 'from granting our request, when thou sawest us appear so ready to perform what we had threatened?' 'Two things,' replied Honain, 'my religion, and my profession: my religion, which commands me to do good to my enemies; my profession, which was purely instituted for the benefit of mankind.' 'Two noble laws,' said the Caliph, and immediately presented him (according to the eastern usage) with rich garments and a sum of money.

Freedom of conversation.] The same Caliph was once sitting upon a bench with another of his physicans, named Bactish, who was dressed in a Tunic of rich silk, but which happened on the edge to have a small rent. The Caliph, entering into discourse with him, continued playing with his rent, till he had made it reach up to his girdle. In the course of their conversation, the Caliph asked him, 'How he could determine when a person was so mad as to require being bound?'—'We bind him,' replies Bactish, 'when things proceed to that extremity, that he tears the Tunic of his physician up to the girdle.' The Caliph fell backwards in a fit of laughing, and ordered Bactish (as he had ordered Honain) a present of rich garments and a donation in money.

A CLERICAL gentleman, remarkable for preaching many Sundays from one text, had nearly run through the year from these words, *Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever.* The church bell tolled early one morning. Mr. Minister

dispatched a servant to enquire who was dead. The sexton pretended ignorance, but returned for answer, "That he believed it was *Peter's wife's mother*, as she had been sick for a long time."

IN a Coffee-House near Leadenhall-street, where the Priestlean controversy became the topic of conversation, an Israelite, whose lungs merely were much too strong for his antagonist, after he had retired, was pluming himself upon his prowess in defeating him, &c. and with an air of eclat asked another Israelite if he had not served the Philistine right? Most certainly you have, replied he; and if ever I have an engagement with any of them, I should be much obliged to you for your *jaw-bone*.

Singularity in the character of the late Dr. H. Smith; an eminent Physician, who died in England in the year 1790.

THOSE who best knew him, will best remember some little *whimsicalities* that frequently attended his conduct. Though hurried to death by the increasing number of his patients, and the incessant demands for his advice, that patient was surest to engage his attention, who was—*a sick sportsman*. Better than the best fee was it to be master of—*a good pointer;* to have invented some new device about—*a fowling piece*, was the best chance of obtaining—*a prescription;* and a *good shot* with a tale of shooting, would undoubtedly have kept the Doctor from a Dutchess *who was dying*.

This small foible was at last so well known, that numbers affected to be sportsmen, who were so weak they could not have walked over a stubble, and who held forth on the pleasures of the field, when they had unfortunately been confined to their beds.

THE MUCH-ADMIRED

Prayer of Thomas Aquinas.

He was by way of eminence, called *Doctor Angelicus*, or the Angelic Doctor. This prayer he constantly made use of, before he sat down to his studies—and it is certainly fit to be used, on the same occasion, by the greatest divines.

INEFFABLY wise and good creator, illustrious origin, true fountain of light and wisdom, vouchsafe to infuse into my understanding some ray of thy brightness, thereby removing that twofold darkness under which I was born, of sin and ignorance.

Thou that makest the tongues of infants eloquent, instruct, I pray thee, my tongue likewise; and pour upon my lips the grace of thy benediction.

Give me quickness to comprehend, and memory to retain. Give me a happiness in expounding, a facility in learning, and a copious eloquence in speaking.

Prepare my entrance into knowledge; direct me in my journey, and render the event of it complete, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

THE following ancient scrap, distinguished as much for the truth and comfort it contains, as the ingenious manner in which it is written, if you think proper, you will please to publish in your useful Repository, requesting a translation in the manner of the original. Z.

DE ORIGINE VITÆ ET MORTIS.

Qu a d tr sa str
os nguis irus isti de nore avit.
H su m Chr vul l

Philadela., *March* 10, 1804.

DR. SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE.

IT is with singular satisfaction, the public and the numerous and respectable subscribers for Dr. Scott's commentary on the Bible, are informed, that the first volume will make its appearance about the 20th of this month. It is printing on an excellent paper and type, and will be presented to the subscribers at the moderate price of six dollars per volume, neatly bound and lettered; the whole of this valuable commentary will be comprised in four large quarto volumes. The greatest part of the second volume is received from Britain by the American publisher, Mr. Woodward, who will put it to press, immediately after the completion of the first. The author is publishing under his own eye in London, this second and highly improved edition, and is proceeding with great caution on account of being accurate in printing the most numerous marginal references that have ever appeared in any English edition of the Bible. The second volume will be published in September, and the other two to proceed as soon as possible. W. W. W. flatters himself that the American edition, in point of execution, and particularly for accuracy, will equal, if not exceed the British edition. The best judges give this valuable commentary on the Scriptures, the decided preference to any other now extant. At the completion of the second volume, the price will be considerably raised, as a considerable number more of subscribers than was at first contemplated, are received. The principal reason that the first volume has not appeared long since, was, that after Mr. W. had determined to proceed, he was apprized of a new and highly improved edition printing in England, under the immediate inspection of the author; for this he patiently waited, and after a considerable length of time, was gratified in obtaining the first, and a great part of the second volume, which was as far as the work was printed when the vessel left London. A third volume, and perhaps the fourth, will be received by some of the spring vessels. Any gentleman may have an oportunity of seeing the sheets of the American edition, by applying to Mr. Woodward (the publisher) at the corner of Second and Chesnut-streets.

The act for incorporating the *Philadelphia Bank*, has been signed by the Governor.

FEVER IN ENGLAND.

It appears, from our late London papers that a fever of a deadly and malignant nature, rages in the town of New-Castle, (Eng.) the victim is seized with a violent pain in the forehead, which is quickly followed by a stupor, and in a short time he is reduced to a very weak condition. It had become so alarming, that the magistrates had taken notice of it, and had ordered out the fire engines, with instructions to wash every lane and alley, on the Quay side, completely clean. *N. Y. Pap.*

London Paragraphs.

BONAPARTE'S contrivance of a *travelling house* is one of the most terrific circumstances attending the projected invasion. He wishes to shew us that he, too depends on his *wooden walls!*

The ladies have adopted part of the military *dress*, but appear to have made very small progress in the military discipline. They do not even go so far as to *cover arms*.

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, Esq. we understand, has received a pardon on condition that he would not return to Ireland without permission from the British Government. A few days after his pardon he requested permission to return to his native land, to settle some business relating to his estate, but was refused.

MARRIED—On Wednesday the 15th ult. at Wilmington (Del.) Capt. *Edward Oldham*, of Cecil county (Maryl.) to Miss *Ann Oldham*, daughter of the late Col. Oldham, of the former place.

—— In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Robert Kennedy*, to Miss *Ann Vanarsdale*.

DIED—On the 10th ult. *Kendal Coles*, of Waterford, N. J. aged 80 years and upwards. Left a widow with whom he had lived in wedlock 59 years—having in that time 8 children, 60 grand children, and 41 great grand children, 94 of whom are now living—this ancient man died on his farm where his father and grand father formerly lived, was the youngest of his brethren his wife being the youngest of hers also, (this old and honorable couple had the satisfaction of reviewing from their door 6 of their children's estates which they had acquired by industry) was interred in Coles' Church burying ground, attended by a large number of friends and relatives.

To Correspondents.

"*Sweet sir, with your permission*,"—Too low to "*claim admission*."

"*Lines on Love*"—Below mediocrity.

FOR sale by JOSEPH CLEMENS, No. 102, *South Second Street*, corner of *Dock Street*, an elegant assortment of Ladies Wigs, of the latest European Fashions, consisting of Helmets, Caskets, Grecian, Turban, Cecillian, Savage Crops and Rustic Wigs—made in a superior style, and on the most reasonable terms.——Orders will be thankfully received and dispatched at the shortest notice.

Temple of the Muses.

SMALL-BEER.

In tenui Labor.

VAIN were the thought to ask th' *Aonian* maids,
With sacred rapture to exalt my song;
Since ne'er on *Pindus'* flow'ry turf I trod,
Nor tasted *Helicon*'s transporting spring.
In sober strain, salubrious truth I write,
Unbless'd, unaided by the muse I love.

Lo! to the place where *Comus*, jolly god,
His revels kept, my steps blind Fortune led:
Joyous was all the croud, sounded the roof
With instrumental harmony and song;
Flow'd the full goblet, smoak'd the *Indian* weed,
And wanton joy sat smiling in each face:
When, by the pow'r of *Bacchus* overcome,
Sleep with kind hand reliev'd my lab'ring brain,
Sleeping my comrades left me:—Gracious heav'n!
What pen can write, or how shall tongue declare,
Or thought imagine the disgusting scene
That met my waking eye! Crack'd bowls, and pipes,
Bottles and pots, and deluges of wine
Obscene (the trophies of the reeling god!)
Myself all sick and languishing, my pulse
Beat various—slowly now, as death
Throughout had chill'd me with his icy hand;
—Now with a fev'rish force impetuous moved.
When strait the room with light unwelcome shone.
'O light! how I detest thy piercing beam,
'Dispelling friendly shades! foul deeds like these
'Should lurk in darkness, from all eyes conceal'd.'

Behold a miracle (attend with awe,
Couch'd in rough phrase believe the museless song)
Before me stood a venerable man,
Old, but not bending with the weight of years;
His face was ruddy, and he smiled benign,
As if nor sickness had his form impair'd,
Nor anxious cares his soul: his silver'd head
Was bound with wreaths of salutary flow'rs,
Call'd NOPS by men, but *panace* by gods.
'My son, he said (and at his voice divine
New life beat vig'rous in each throbbing vein)
'Long has my friendly influence moved the scorn,
'My name the laughter of the sons of men,
'The sons of men, regardless of their weal
'And health, the greatest sublunary good!
'The genius I of liquor call'd below
'SMALL-BEER, and doubtless you have heard me damn'd
'Full oft, by *Belial*'s rude, outrageous sons:
'But yet, were honour due, to *Temp'rance* giv'n,
'Mine were the favours of th' applauding croud,
'But wine, luxuriant wine, usurps my throne,
'And like a tyrant, first enslaves, then kills.
'In order, all the virtues should I name
'That call me sire, too soon the rising sun
'Would break the thread of my unfinish'd tale,
'(For unembody'd sprights walk not by day)
'Joy I impart to all,—not that false glee,
'Shortliv'd, which measures but from glass to glass,
'But constant health, and pleasure unalloy'd:
'—Here, taste and live, live soberly and well.'
This said, a vase with steady hand he gave,
Full to the brim, I quaff'd the tender'd draught;
Swift the cool stream refresh'd my burning throat,
And thus with low obeisance, I return'd:
'Father! I thank thee for thy visit kind,
'And for thy welcome-gift'—I would have said—
But the lark whistled at th' approach of morn,
Which ting'd the glowing east with rosy hue,—
In haste my visionary guest retir'd
And left me deep in contemplation drown'd,
Resolving reason never more to quench
In floods *Lethean* of deceitful wine;
Deceitful wine! embrew'd with mixtures dire,
By the curs'd vintner's art for sordid pelf.
O! grant me, heav'n to live with health and ease,
My books, a sober friend, *Small-beer*, and sense:
So shall my years the smiling fates prolong,
And each auspicious morn shall see me happy.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

IMPROMPTU, on seeing an Advertisement of Hair in the Poet's corner of the Repository.

THE site of the muses,
Whoever peruses,
Has certainly reason to stare,
When, instead of a line
From a friend of the Nine,
The eye is attracted by—*hair!!!*

SLY BOB.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ANSWER

To ADELIO's CHARADE which appeared in page 40 of the Repository.

YOUR *first* is *earth*, from whence old Adam sprung,
Replete with nourishment for old and young;
The finny race its common blessings share,
And birds that wanton in th' ambient air;—
From thence the trees that grace the mountain side,
Derive their verdure, summer's cheering pride;
From thence the quadrupeds their food procure,
And in its darksome cells they rest secure;
For man it furnishes a bed of rest,
Of all kind offices, the last—the best.
Your *second*'s *quake*—a tremulous annoy,
An instantan'ous check to human joy,
Your *whole* is *Earthquake*; with destructive sway,
Cities and villages it sweeps away;
Cedars, like shrubs, are torn by awful force,
New rivers form—the old desert their course;
The rocks do rend, all nature seems to groan,
"And monarchs tremble on their tott'ring throne!"

B. B.

HUMILITY.

A RURAL seat is thy abode,
Far distant from the noisy crowd,
Where endless follies shine;
Thy visitants are peace and love;
Fair emblems of the saints above;
Whose godlike temper's thine.

Thou dost not, in contemptuous tone,
Say, idle vagrant, get thee gone;
Avaunt; this mansion flee;
Thou ever feel'st compassion's glow,
To mitigate thy brother's woe,
As GOD made him and thee.

The fig-tree, while its branches spread,
And yield to all a pleasant shade,
Who pass along the plain;
Its fruit is good, and form'd to please;
Its leaves can mitigate disease;
Fair emblem of the man,

Who is with earthly riches blest,
And with humanity possess'd,
Whose good and generous mind
To lofty heights will ne'er aspire;
But thus to live has the desire,
A blessing to mankind.

A LADY's STUDY.

TO *Cloe*'s study shall we go?
(For ladies have their studies too)
Oh what a splendid sight is there!
'Twould make the dullest hermit stare.
There stands, arrang'd in proud array
Each *French* romance, each modern play,
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts.
But oh! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within:
What *Cloe* loves she plainly shows,
For lo! her very books are beaux.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

To subscribers in the city who pay monthly, 25 cents for every 4 numbers....to those who pay half yearly in advance, 3 *dollars* per vol.

To distant subscribers 3 *dollars* per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

The 2d & 3d vols. may be had at 3 *dollars* per vol. unbound, (if bound, the price of binding will be added.)

☞ Letters (postage free) will be duly attended to.